

Call To Arms by hitokiri

Series: [it ain't over till it's over \[2\]](#)

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Summary:

Sequel to Lie Better Next Time. Billy reflects on what he's done and what he would like to do. He wants Steve, but how far does that want go?

Call To Arms

Author's Note:

A few people asked for a sequel to Lie Better Next Time, which, honestly, I had no intention of writing a sequel? I was just going to leave it at that, but I get my best ideas listening to music and driving. The title and series title are from a song called 'Call to Arms' by a band named End of an Era. Give it a listen if you so desire.

I hope this doesn't disappoint. Depending on where my mind goes, I could go beyond this, but as of right now this is the last fic for this series. It's Billy's point of view so... I don't know. I couldn't find Steve's voice as well? I hope Billy is at least in character...uh...some of the way.

Stranger Things is not mine, I just like playing with my boys' emotions a little bit. I'll give them back when I'm done, I promise.

After spending an extra half hour fucking with Steve Harrington, Max was *still* late meeting Billy at the Camaro. He still isn't sure if he's grateful or annoyed. He's on his fifth cigarette, hands shaking, as he leans against the passenger side, watching the middle school across the field. AV club shouldn't take this fucking long, especially after he had practice after school, a shower, and then pretty boy Harrington moaning like a girl.

He's lighting his sixth cigarette when he sees Harrington hurry out the gym doors and to his car.

"I can't get into the car."

He drops his cigarette, completely taken offguard. He didn't realize how long he was looking in the direction Steve disappeared, but it was long enough for Max to cross the field and sneak up on him. Fuck. "What," he says, flat.

"I can't get in the car," Max repeats, cocking her hip as she stands, waiting. He fucking hates her. "You're leaning on my door." He steps aside and she mutters something that sounds an awful lot like "weirdo" under her breath, but he's too shaken up after everything that happened to even think about retaliating.

He's not a fag. He doesn't like guys, especially pretty ones like Steve Harrington. But he will let anyone who wants to get him off get him off. If a twink wants to choke on his dick, let him. If a closeted jock wants to give Billy a handjob under the bleachers, have at it. If some queer is willing to bend over and take Billy's dick like a pornstar, who's Billy to say no? He wears condoms with everyone he fucks because he fucks a lot and trusts no one. He just loves getting off.

But he's not a fucking fag. He won't kiss them. He won't hold them. He fucks and leaves, just like with Harrington. He doesn't owe anyone a damn thing. If anything, he did Harrington a favor. Harrington knows now that he likes it up the ass. He can go get himself a boyfriend like the queer he is.

(He tells himself that it doesn't bother him at all, the thought of Steve getting fucked by anyone else, because he doesn't give a shit about Steve Harrington.)

They're halfway home when Max asks, "What were you staring at anyway?" breaking him completely out of his train of thought. He forgot where he was going, and that she was even in the car with him.

Their relationship has been unsteady, but not as unstable as it used to be. Her drugging him to keep him from killing Harrington was a sobering moment for him. He's always been violent and short-tempered -- a trait he learned from his great father -- but he's never felt a sudden urge to literally beat someone to death like he had that night at that freak kid's house. It was like seeing King Steve alone in a house with kids, including Billy's pain in the ass younger stepsister, set him on edge. He didn't know what he'd be doing in a dark house with a bunch of middle schoolers, if he would be doing *things* to them. All he saw was that the little stepsister *Billy* was responsible for was in that house with an older man and Billy would have probably been murdered if Susan's daughter got raped.

He remembers seeing red. He remembers Harrington throwing the first punch and Billy's blood pressure rising like the Incredible Hulk. Billy is so used to having the shit kicked out of him by his father that a fist from a pretty boy like Steve Harrington did nothing but tickle. He remembers laughing as they fought. It was *fun* because it was someone he could fight back against. It was someone he could destroy with no repercussions. It wasn't his father, who Billy spent years strength training to survive beatings from, and it sure as hell wasn't himself.

"A really big fucking bird," he says finally, lighting up another cigarette and pressing on the gas. Max doesn't bother saying anything else after that.

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It keeps him up half the night. He tosses and turns, unable to sleep because he can't get Harrington out of his head. Harrington pressed against the lockers, pants down, legs trembling as Billy fingers him to completion. Harrington under him in that freak's house, bleeding and slipping unconscious as Billy beats his face raw. Harrington without a single backbone and taking everything Billy dishes out at him because he's a little bitch.

Harrington coming undone in Billy's hands. Billy getting aroused. Billy wanting to do more than just fuck the king he dethroned.

Billy wanting Steve Harrington like he's never wanted anyone before.

In frustration, Billy beats off under his covers, his fist pumping furiously over his dick. He presses a fingernail against the tip and hisses, arching into his hand. Precome drips all over his hand and the covers. He bites his knuckles to hold in his groans at the thought of Steve's ass tightening around his finger. He imagines his hand is Steve's ass swallowing his dick greedily while he begs and moans and cries out because it's *Billy* taking him apart. It's Billy making him feel that fucking good.

He comes all over his bare stomach. He thinks it's the hardest he's ever come.

He hates himself.

He wants to fuck Steve Harrington.

*

He feels like himself when he wakes up. Covered in satisfaction and come, he strips his bed of all evidence of his sin and showers before school. He drives Max because he has to, and they're silent because they don't have obligations to talk. He doesn't give a shit either way.

Hargrove and Harrington are close in the alphabet. Billy is looking forward to seeing him.

Crushing his cigarette under his boot, he stares up at the front doors of the school, for once not dreading going in. Someone whose name he doesn't remember -- he knows the face from that Halloween party though -- pats him on the shoulder as he passes. He misses California for the sheer fuckery he was a part of daily, but Hawkins could be a place he fucks with until he's eighteen and gets out of this shithole and far away from his father.

No one said anything about not having a little fun before he ditches for good. Steve Harrington is his favorite *fun* he thinks he's ever had.

"Princess," Billy greets nonchalantly, sauntering over to his prey.

He watches in pride and amusement as Steve's shoulders tense, then appear to relax to the best of his ability as he turns around and says, "Billy," in a tone dripping with disdain. Billy smirks and keeps walking. Their lockers are only separated by three others so he doesn't go too far, but he does bump shoulders with him as he passes. Steve finishes grabbing what he's grabbing and hurriedly closes his locker. Billy lets him leave; after practice is where he'll corner him.

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"Oh, Harrington," he singsongs in his best mocking tone. "I figured you would have learned by now."

Harrington is at the same mirror, styling his hair like the queer he is, like he didn't come on Billy's finger alone just yesterday in that same spot. He locks eyes with Billy in the mirror before turning around and meeting him face to face. The determination in his eyes is both frustrating and arousing. Billy wants to take him apart.

There's an open locker by Harrington that he puts his -- (*does that say Farrah Fawcett? what a fucking queer*) -- hairspray into before shutting it. It's cute how he thinks he can look tough after styling his hair the way a girl would. Billy wonders if Steve spends an hour doing his hair in the morning before school; the thought doesn't seem as farfetched considering the way Steve does his hair after practice.

(Billy wants to pull on it while he's fucking him until he screams.)

"Listen, Billy," Harrington says, fiddling with the lock to make sure his locker is safely locked. "I don't want to fight, and I don't want a repeat of yesterday. I just want to go home."

"And what?"

"What?"

"Go home," Billy says slowly, like he's talking to an idiot, "and what?" Steve opens his mouth to say something stupid and defensive but Billy continues before he can, "And what, jerk off? Finger yourself? Did you do that last night, Harrington? Finger yourself while thinking of me fucking you? Or did you think of someone else?" He's stepping closer and closer, a grin spreading its way across his face. "Did you think of the freak who stole your girlfriend? Maybe you'd like him to fuck you while you fuck her, huh?"

"That's," Harrington pauses, presses his back against the lockers. Billy thinks he forgot they were there and just wanted to get away. "That's not true."

Billy laughs, says, "Maybe you want me to fuck you to satisfy your urges. Maybe you've always wanted to be the bitch and just needed someone to come along and show you. Someone like me."

"And who are you, Billy?" Harrington asks; the smugness returning

like it had yesterday. Billy wants to fuck it out of him. "Why are you so fixated on me, huh? Because you like me? Because you *want* me?" It's getting on Billy's nerves. "I told you yesterday, Hargrove, you need to stop projecting on me. It's unhealthy."

Billy is on him in seconds, pinning his arms above his head on the lockers and glaring into his eyes. He just knocked King Steve down another peg during practice; the little shit isn't supposed to be able to retort back like he's still got the title of King of the School. He shouldn't, but he does, and it pisses Billy off more. It makes Billy want to ruin him for everyone else.

"Listen here, you little shit," he whispers into Steve's ear, loving the tremble that runs down his arms when his breath ghosts over the shell. "I'm no fucking fag, but I love to fuck. You just happen to be the easiest target." He presses his lips against his ear, opening his mouth to graze his teeth against it. "It helps that you're pretty," he nips, "and that you're weak," his tongue flicks out and Steve gasps, "just enough that I can pretend that your ass is a warm, wet pussy like one of the sluts that open their legs for me."

He releases Steve's hands, grabs him by the front of his shirt, and drags him back into the showers. The floors are still wet from everyone's showers after practice so Steve slides into the wall when Billy throws him, catching himself with his hands to prevent himself from breaking his chin. Billy's on him again immediately, pinning him against the tile and reaching to the side to turn on the faucet. Steve is panting between him and the wall, his cheek resting against the condensation on the tile as Billy presses an elbow into his lower back to hold him still.

"You're going to beg me for more after this, Harrington, I guarantee it."

Their clothes are soaked by the time he strips Steve completely -- wet jeans are not conducive to easy removal when they're as tight as Harrington's -- but Billy doesn't care if the seat in his Camaro gets soaked. He's going to get off in something warm and tight; he hasn't had penetrative sex since he left California and he just wants to fuck something. He's owed at least two orgasms from Harrington for making the queer come yesterday. He's going to fuck him and then

make him suck him clean.

All he has to do is open his jeans to take his dick out; he's already hard and leaking at the tip. His hands are colder than the blood that ran to his dick at the sight of Steve wet and under him that he hisses when his skin makes contact with the warm flesh, but he pumps himself twice for good measure, pressing the tip against Harrington's ass cheek and rubbing the precome there. "Feel that, pretty boy?" he asks, releasing his dick and grinding. He shudders and pulls away. "This is going inside you and you're going to beg like a pretty little slut."

He reaches into his right pocket for the foil packet and rips it open with his teeth. It doesn't roll as easily onto his dick because of his come, but it works. "Nothing to say, Princess?" he taunts, grabbing for the bottle of body wash some idiot left in the showers. Slathers it on his fingers, says, "Huh?" in a haughty tone.

"Fuck. You," Steve says, all hissing tones and bitterness. Billy laughs and presses the first finger in. Steve groans but doesn't fight. The pucker sucks his finger in greedily; Billy can't wait to be inside him. He doesn't touch the spot inside him this time, not yet, because he has two more fingers and then his dick to fit inside. But he does wriggle his finger and get Steve trembling, until a cry is wrought from his mouth as Billy pushes in the second. "*Fuck!*"

"Oh yeah," Billy whispers, pressing his face into Harrington's neck. He feels goosebumps there as his breath tickles the wet and sweaty skin. He flicks out his tongue and licks up a stripe of that sweat. He tastes salty, but also of the fruity soap he used when he showered before. A fruity smell suits the fruit he's about to fuck. "That's it, queer, let me in." He bites into his neck and revels in the loud moan Steve lets out. His voice is high like a girl's, but he's tighter than anyone he's fucked before. It feels so fucking great.

The third finger doesn't go in as easily -- Harrington whimpers and starts to clench -- and Billy has no idea why he does it, but he whispers, "Relax," in the softest voice he could manage, and Steve did. He relaxed and the third finger slid right in like it was meant to be there. Billy made sure this time to press against that spot and Steve cried out, his legs spreading wider.

Billy thinks he could get used to this.

"You ready, Princess?" he asks, ignoring the whine as he slips his fingers out. He attaches his mouth to Harrington's shoulder and bites down tenderly before sucking a mark into the warm flesh. Harrington loves it if his shudder is any consolation. Billy doesn't give himself enough time to think much on it before he uses the soap again to slick his member. He presses himself just between Harrington's ass cheeks and revels in the warmth before taking hold of his dick and pressing it against the stretched pucker. Steve tenses immediately, but Billy's hand trailing down his back calms him enough to allow Billy to press inside the tight, warm channel.

Steve hisses, lets it break off on a sigh as Billy bottoms out slowly, the tip pressing against that spot that got Harrington off in seconds yesterday. Billy gives him a chance to adjust to his size; he'd sooner wreck Steve's pretty face than hurt him during sex. He could get rough, but would never deliberately hurt someone that intimately.

It isn't until Steve says, "Move," that Billy does finally move. It's so hot and tight and Billy wishes he could fucking live here, inside Steve forever.

(He realizes just how dangerous that thought really is; Billy isn't a queer, he just likes to fuck.)

He's got a tight, bruising grip on Steve's hips as he pistons his own into him. Steve is moaning and whining against the tile wall, pressing back against Billy like he can't get enough. Billy can't get enough. He lifts a hand, trails it up Steve's bare chest, against a nipple, and up towards his face to turn his head to the side. He's not thinking when he takes Steve's bottom lip in between his teeth and bites gently. It's not something he's ever done before and he hates himself for it. He hates that he's doing more things with a guy than he ever had before. He hates that it's Steve fucking Harrington, and he hates that he can't do anything about it.

He's not a fag. He doesn't like dick. But god, does he love the way Steve Harrington takes his dick like he's meant for it.

Harrington pushes back against him, clenching deliciously around

him and making him cry out. He's never been partial to moaning during sex; he prefers dirty talk that makes his partner blush and writhe beneath him, but Harrington is unreal and something he never expected when he was forced to move to Hawkins. Harrington has never been touched back there. and he has never been touched by another guy besides Billy. As far as Billy's concerned, Harrington belongs to him now.

It isn't until Steve comes, clenching tightly around him, that Billy finally comes. They're panting and trembling as they both ride out the waves of their orgasms, Billy pressing his teeth back into Steve's neck and marking him again, darker this time, *his*. He pulls out once the shaking stops and Steve hisses, raw and sated, while Billy removes the soiled condom. His dick is tender to the touch, sated and used, but he feels so fucking good he doesn't care. He rinses himself off and zips up his pants, giving Steve a once-over as he rinses himself off in the now cold water. The goosebumps have returned on his perfect skin in the chill of the water; his clothes are going to be so uncomfortable to pull back on -- cold and wet and probably too tight to even get on -- but Billy disregards that fact in favor of stepping away and exiting the shower.

"You see, Harrington?" he says, nonchalant but smug, "You really are a fag. But you're also mine now." He's laughing as he leaves Steve to his shower to get out to his Camaro where he knows Max will be waiting. Serves her right for making him wait all the fucking time. He just fucked the King of the School. He couldn't care less about his stepsister right now.

Author's Note:

Please let me know what you think!